# The Sketch

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FILM CAREER AHEAD:
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S WIFE.

*Everything points to an important film career for eighteen-year-old* OONA O'NEILL CHAPLIN. *The daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill, she recently married world-famous film star Charles Spencer Chaplin, who in 1918 founded the Charlie Chaplin Film Corporation and built his own Hollywood studios, where many famous pictures have been produced. Mrs. Chaplin made her acting début in a road production of "Pal Joey." Here she is in a scene from the show, in which she played a night-club hostess.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

**What a Fall Was There!** Exit Bombastes Furioso. Farewell, a long farewell, to all his greatness! And in its place complete littleness, perhaps nothingness; for the pricked bubble is—just nothing. It's a hard profession being a dictator; you can't climb either up or down, and in that precarious position a very slight push means a very bad crash. I seem to remember one example in history of a dictator who got out while the going was good. He was the Roman Sulla, and his retirement was genuinely "on grounds of ill-health," for he was a very sick man, and it is said that he died a miserable death. Primo de Rivera, another sick man, also retired after six years of power—but he was a mild sort of dictator. For the Supreme Bosses it is all or nothing, hurricane or vacuum. Thus the tyrant makes his own fate, and it has all the certainty of destiny. It is not our habit to exult over our fallen enemies, but there have been times in the past when the strutting braggart of Italy has had rather more credit in this country than he deserved. There has been little consistency about his career. No man has talked more high-flown balderdash about the all-powerful State, but there was a time when he was a professed anarchist, who could not say anything bad enough of the State. Perhaps no State at all would have been better than the sort of State he made.

"Now, where the deuce did my tailor put that utility pocket?"

DRAWN BY SIMON DAVIS.

**Fair Exchange.** And yet there are things in the troublous Mediterranean world which we can envy. "Flowers and almonds, apples, greengages and lemons were tossed in showers into jeeps and trucks. Some even threw melons." It might be argued that a bombardment of melons is overdoing enthusiasm for the Allied cause—but flowers and almonds, apples, greengages and *lemons*! Only the other day our troops were complaining that they could not get razor-blades out there–but what are razor-blades to lemons? At a time when, in this less favoured land (as I see from a recent report), £35,000 was paid in ninety minutes for fruit without a lemon in it, and when a peach costs half-a-guinea! It seems that we have got to send some of our staples to keep the Sicilians from starvation; I trust that we may receive the *quid pro quo* of at least a few lemons and a little olive oil. Some dates from Tunisia would not come amiss, and, by a strenuous effort of imagination, one might even persuade oneself that Marsala (if the Doughboys have left any) was a sort, albeit a queer sort, of sherry.

"Will you be quiet for a minute, Tommy, and let Churchill get a word in?"

DRAWN BY BRETTELL.

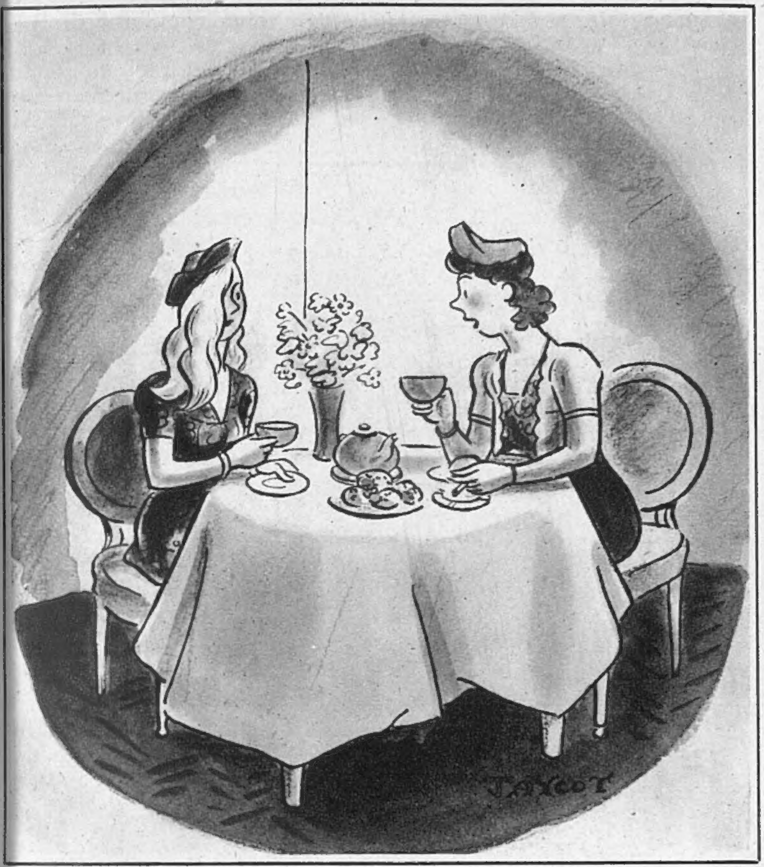
**The Answer's a Lemon.** I wonder, if the Paradisial fruit had been a lemon instead of an apple, whether Eve would have behaved in the same way? I suspect so; for it seems that the chief attraction of most things, animal, vegetable or mineral, is that they are unobtainable or in short supply. The other day I did actually hold in my hand a lemon which had been brought me from America. Talk about the corrupting power of gold! I have never seen such evil passions as were displayed on the faces of all to whom I showed this prize. I would not have trusted a single one of them with that lemon for a moment. There is a boom in diamonds at present, but if I had offered the Koh-i-Noor in one hand and the lemon in the other they would not have hesitated an instant which to choose. Now, if you found yourself, by fair means or foul, in possession of a lemon, what would you do? Undoubtedly what I did—order pancakes. We used to think that the lemon was a pleasant accompaniment of the pancakes, but we now know that the pancakes are a mere adjunct to the lemon. Thus does war change human values!

*Autres temps autres mœurs.*

DRAWN BY SIMON DAVIS.

**Cake on Wings.** Again, take wedding-cake. No doubt it is a decorative, if indigestible, feature of the nuptials; but it *is* possible to be legally united, and even (I hope) to live happily ever after, without the aid of iced cake and without the bother and waste of sending stale crumbs of it in little boxes to one's friends (a pretty poor return, I always think, for an electro-plated cruet or a cut-glass vase). Yet lovesick people will go to any lengths to cloy their friends with plum cake, and the other day a member of the R.A.F. flew his own wedding-cake across the Atlantic. It had already come right across Canada by land. That is dramatic enough, but what is even more remarkable is that it weighed 35 lb., was covered thickly with icing sugar and almond paste, and *contained three-dozen eggs.* I think a question ought to be asked in the House about this. Suppose the machine had crashed? There is quite enough wastage of human life by aircraft; by a painful effort one becomes hardened to it; but nobody could possibly become hardened to the thought of three-dozen eggs crashing to earth. The next thing we shall hear is that a Commando officer

A WEEK'S DAILY PAPERS WILL MAKE THE INTERIOR COMPONENT OF A MINE. HAND YOURS IN.



"Frankly, dear, I liked you better as Ginger Rogers."

DRAWN BY JAYCOT.

has raided Rheims in order to bring back a drop of bubbly to his wedding-feast. The spirit of enterprise can be overdone.

**Bean-Feast.** You and I do not think (like Marie Antoinette) in terms of cake, but have to derive what satisfaction we can from the thought of the new high-grade sausage with $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. meat and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. soya bean product. Your mouth may not water at the mention of soya bean, but how gratifying to know that this semi-vegetarian poultice contains a total protein content equivalent to that of pre-war sausages! Anybody who objects that it is not stated *what kind* of pre-war sausages is a mere quibbler; and anybody who says that he prefers pork to protein is obviously not worth arguing with. Anyhow, don't despise the soya bean, because you might need it some day. Whole armies of women and youths are now employed, as a priority job, in harvesting nettles. The Government say that they want to extract Chlorophyll from these weeds, but in my belief they will soon be telling us that nettles are incredibly rich in vitamins and proteids, and soon we shall all be chewing salads of them, if not actually cropping them in the fields. Similarly, I see with alarm that the Thames has been stocked with about half-a-million elvers, which are young eels. Cod, hake and pollock—those dread names—and now eels! Ah, it is a terrible war!

**Strength Through Joy.** Terrible, too, for those obstinate sceptics who still do not believe in all the attractions of Holidays at Home. I don't know what more they want; in my home town, for example, they have opened an Amusement Park with Bump-'ems and swings and roundabouts and Big Wheels, and every opportunity to have a really rollicking time; and yet 150,000 people insist on going to Blackpool, where, as everybody knows,

> There 's no wrecks, and nobody drownded,
> In fact, nothing to laugh at at all!

Two thousand people left stranded on Waterloo Station; sobbing women returning home disconsolate, frustrated and cheated of ozone! And the Government says sternly, Serve you right; we told you so! Well, I know that it is naughty to travel if your journey is not really necessary; but I am bound to say that for a good many of these people it does seem to me to be necessary. The hard-pressed civilian, and his wife even more, does "need a change" if he or she is to carry on with good morale. However, in these austere times we can't have everything we need, any more than we can have everything we want—and so I am going down this afternoon to have a happy, healthy holiday on the Alpine Slide. Then I 'm going to have a little First Aid.

**Light, Fantastic.** As for exercise, one can always get it by collecting a few friends and having a little bright dancing to the gramophone. True, the gramophone is probably out of order and unrepairable, and you may not find it easy to get records, but these little difficulties only add to the zest of the thing. I mentioned recently, on the authority of a Member of Parliament, that our youth seems to be "fed up" with dancing. I am interested to see that that is not the view of the Methodist Church Conference. A venerable and highly esteemed leader of that Church has uttered some good, strong common sense on the subject, denying that cards and dancing are examples of "the total depravity of human nature" or that a simple hop would "at once break out into a Saturnalia." You would think that obvious enough, but it was not always obvious. I, *qui vous parle*, have known an atmosphere where cards were "the Devil's playthings," and the theatre was the Temple of Baal, and a glass of beer was deep-dyed sin, and dancing was a Babylonian orgy. We owe much to the Puritans in our history, but some of the Roundheads were undoubtedly just Fatheads.

**They Toil Not.** If you don't dance through your holidays, or spend them in the delirious joys of the merry-go-round and the cocoanut-shy, at least you can look for a little leisure. The right way to do this, it would seem, is to get a job in a suitable Government Department. Some people are never satisfied, and certain executives of the Machine Tool Control Department, instead of abandoning themselves to the joys of sweet-do-nothing, and far from adopting the poet's advice to *desipere in loco*, have actually been complaining that (*a*) they have not enough to do, (*b*) what little they have to do could be equally well done by an intelligent child of fifteen, and (*c*) they are exceedingly bored with drawing their salaries under false pretences. They are conscientious persons who want to do something useful in the war, and they wonder why they have been dragged from their civilian employments to drink tea, play darts, do crossword puzzles and draw doodles on the blotting-pad. In short, they have not got the right frame of mind for the Planned State.

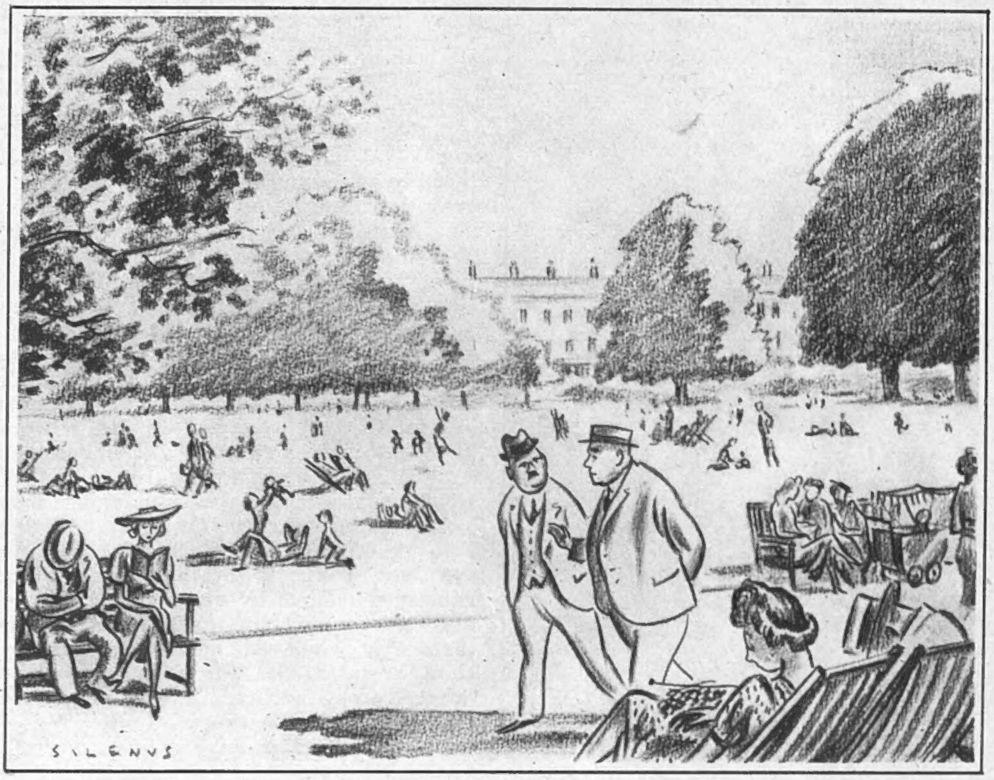
**Spoiling the Broth.** Do you know, dear Sir or Madame, how many employees of Government, central and local, there are at present in this Home of Freedom? No, you don't, because nobody does; but, after some care in

[*Continued overleaf.*

"What have these airmen got that we haven't?"

DRAWN BY D. A. GRANT.

*Continued.*]
calculation, I venture the estimate that the number is not far short of a million, and that in the adult civilian population this figure represents about one in every twenty-four persons. Many, perhaps most, are very hard-working and conscientious, and not a few are grossly overworked; hundreds of thousands are useful and "really necessary"; but I wonder, ah, how I wonder, how many are useless and unnecessary and what they are costing the country not only in money, but in wasted man-power. I cannot venture an estimate about *that*; but of this I am certain, that everywhere jobs are being done by three or four persons which could be done by one, and done, too, by three or four Ministries when one would be more than enough. We all joke about it and laugh it off as another good old British anomaly; but the time is coming, unless I am greatly mistaken, when we will have to take it rather more seriously.




"You see—the mood of the people to-day is one of attack!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

### The King's English.

Meanwhile, it puzzles me greatly why anybody should ever find time hanging heavily on his hands in a Government office. There is always correspondence, which can go on absolutely indefinitely, considering the number of persons and departments to which it can be passed "for attention"; there are always new forms to invent and new returns to call for; and if all else fails, there are always new Orders to draft. Think of the fun, for instance, in composing this: "Notwithstanding anything contained in the Control of Paper (No. 48) Order, 1942, Directions Nos. 6 and 7, the Minister of Supply hereby directs in lieu of the provisions thereof that you shall not (subject to the provisions hereinafter contained) consume in the period 27th June, 1943, to the 30th October, 1943, in the production of the news-bulletins, magazines or periodicals mentioned in the first column of the schedule to the Special Directions (hereinafter referred to as the previous Directions) issued under the Control of Paper (No. 48) Order, 1942, under Control Reference 166/43, a quantity of paper (including any paper printed or made outside the United Kingdom) the aggregate weight of which exceeds the weight set out opposite that news-bulletin, magazine or periodical in the second column of that schedule plus one-seventeenth thereof."

### Let the People Recite.

Difficult? A trifle dizzy-making? Well, don't lie awake over it, because all that it means is that the supply of paper will remain precisely the same as before. I feel that, in justice to our bureaucrats, they ought to be allowed some other form of literary composition or exercise. I see that the Minister of Health has recently stated that he can recite poetry for five hours on end. Well, let them try that in Whitehall; it would do far more towards winning the war.

*Our artist had the luck of the—well, the Navy—when he got into the* NAVAL LIAISON SECTION *and took account of their expressions. Captain Gossage, R.N., is Chief L.O. of those on parade—a remarkably able crew, with Daniel, the ever-faithful.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

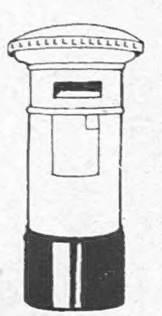
*The sixty-ninth of our* SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"LUMMY! YOUR BLOKE DON'T 'ARF MAKE 'EM LOOK UNTIDY!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Lady B. and Faith and the Conductor and I were sitting on the terrace outside our house, watching the evening lights on the sea, when Charles came and joined us, sighing and stretching after his day's work.

" Darling Charles," said Faith, " how lovely to see you. Do you remember how, before the war, we used to sit here and have drinks and be happy ? "

Charles sighed and went back into the house. I felt very sorry for him, because I knew he had only got half-a-bottle of whisky and rather less gin to last him to the end of the month. But after a little time he came out again with a brave smile and a tray with bottles on it, and Lady B. asked the Conductor to bring her camp stool from the dahlia bed, where she had been helping me weed, and we all sat, sipping our drinks, and feeling faintly guilty because bombs weren't raining down on us, and we still had drinks to sip.

" A tray with bottles on it."

" By the way, there 's a letter for you, Henrietta," said Charles, and fished it out of his pocket. I saw the War Office stamp on the back of the envelope and gave a cry of pleasure, for I knew it must be from Brother James.

" What does James want this time ? " said Lady B., rather unkindly.

I opened the letter and read the first few lines with a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach. " He wants me to find rooms for his Boss," I said.

" When I get those sort of letters," said Lady B., " I always send a telegram saying, ' No beds, mattresses or summer-houses,' and even then I once got a reply saying ' Any tents ? ' "

" He wants two doubles, two singles, and *at least* one bathroom in a really good Hotel." (Loud and prolonged laughter.) " Or, alternatively, a *nice* house, furnished, for a month, with adequate staff."

" The worst of these Generals is they don't know there 's a war on," said Charles.

" All the same, I shall try and get it for them," I said.

Everybody leant forward and looked at me anxiously. " Well, James says they 've got two children, and they 've been let down over their real rooms, and, after all, we do owe a certain amount to these people who are winning the war for us."

" Who is James's Boss, anyway ? " said the Conductor. " Not Winston Churchill, by any chance ? "

I mentioned a Name, and there was a hushed silence, adding : " And James says he would come down for week-ends, and I would so love to see him."

" There 's nothing to stop James coming and staying, in a lowly way, in this house if he wants to," said Charles. " But he was always one for consorting with the Great."

" I think James is *sweet*," said Faith, which made the Conductor cross.

The next morning I spent an hour and a half at the telephone, ringing up all the Hotels in the district. At each one my request for two doubles, two singles, and *at least* one private bathroom was received with peals of silvery laughter from the Ladies at the Desks. After that I went down the Street, and after an hour or two's fruitless enquiries, I met Colonel Simpkins, who said he had just heard that Mrs. Whinebite's Let had fallen through. I ran as hard as I could to the House Agent's and arrived, panting, just in front of three other suppliants, and got the First Refusal.

After that, flushed with success, I walked into the Agency and asked, quite boldly, for a Cook, and was handed a Lady-Cook-Housekeeper of vast Experience and terrific Charm.

Next day I was in bed with a temperature. Charles said it was excitement, but I was in continual touch with the War Office by telephone and telegram, and towards evening the Lady-Cook-Housekeeper penetrated to my bedroom and we had one of those embarrassing business talks which some women seem to find so easy, but which always leave me with the palms of my hands slippery.

The day after that I was better and got up. Except for three calls from London, and a long and complicated talk with the Labour Exchange about a housemaid, and the Lady-Cook-Housekeeper coming back to say that she 'd been to look at the house and that it was All Right but she must have a Steamer, things were pretty quiet.

" I 've done it," I said to Charles. " I 've got a Lady-Cook-Housekeeper, and nearly a Housemaid, and they 're bringing another maid and a Nannie, and possibly a batman."

" Then there 'll probably be demonstrations outside the house by all the women who haven't got any help at all," said Charles.

" The General *needs* a holiday, Charles," I said.

" So do I," said Charles, and slammed the front door as he went out.

After lunch, suffused in a comfortable glow of achievement, I began some ironing. Then the House Agent rang up to say Mrs. Whinebite had changed her mind about letting.

I tore downstairs and out of the house. " Mrs. Whinebite," I cried, " you can't do this thing ! Think of what They Are Doing For Us ! "

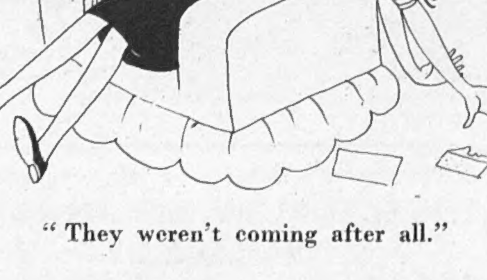
It turned out to be all a misunderstanding, and she did want to let her house after all, but it took a little time, and when I got home I found I had left the electric-iron on. Then there was a knock at the door and a note in the letter-box from the Lady-Cook-Housekeeper of charm and experience to say she had changed her mind and wasn't coming. I began rehearsing my speech about What They Are Doing For Us, and then I felt I just couldn't face it again, and went slowly and sadly upstairs. I forgot the iron was still red-hot and burnt a large hole in my only remaining pair of crêpe-de-Chine knickers.

" I forgot the iron was still hot."

" Not going so well," said Charles maliciously, when I told him my story.

After dinner James rang up to say he did hope I was really *trying*, and that the General was sending his Secretary down to look at the house the following afternoon.

The Secretary's train was an hour late, and the House Agent and I sat on a seat in the garden and had a long talk about the Drama Club, of which we are both members. The Secretary was a young woman of terrifying efficiency, who kept on consulting shorthand notes. I was already late for an appointment and became unduly flustered and forgot to say we would lend a Steamer.



" They weren't coming after all."

Nothing much more happened that day, except a charming telephone message from the General's wife thanking me for all I was doing, and another from James saying he did hope I was trying my hardest.

Next morning the Nearly Housemaid came to say the Labour Exchange had given her permission to work for the General. She looked so fresh and efficient that I felt sure she would make up for the loss of the Lady-Cook-Housekeeper, but almost directly afterwards came a telegram from the General to say they weren't coming after all.

" And *that 'll* learn you," said Charles.

I expect it was the Steamer, don't you ?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

*P.S.*—The House Agent has just rung up to say the General has telephoned to say that he does want to come. But now Mrs. Whinebite says she really doesn't want to let her house.

# CITY SPORTS GROUND—
# FOUNDED BY THE *LUFTWAFFE*!

*This magnificent sports ground in front of St. Paul's Cathedral may be said to have been "founded" by the Luftwaffe, for it has been constructed on a bombed site by members of the National Fire Service, working in their spare time. The Holiday Garden Party and Sports Meeting held there is said to be the first Garden Party to be given in the City since the 14th century. Events included an all-star cabaret, sports displays and a dog show. The party was in aid of war charities.*

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

## By C. A. LEJEUNE.

IN the long run, your verdict on "MISSION TO MOSCOW" (Warners and Regal) will almost certainly be decided by your political views or the extent of your information regarding pre-war European affairs, neither of which is the province of these notes. The controversy surrounding the piece as propaganda is not my affair either, and I leave others to decide whether the film is, documentarily speaking, the bunk, or the most dazzling revelation of truth ever shown on the screen.

"Mission to Moscow," however, is a film as well as a manifesto, and it doesn't do to forget it. It is right up there on the screen in competition with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, and we have some right to ask what sort of entertainment, as well as instruction, we are getting for our money. In my view, "Mission to Moscow" isn't nearly as entertaining as Bob Hope, and hasn't got what Dorothy Lamour's got, not by a long chalk. In fact, all the dust that's been kicked up about "Mission to Moscow" has helped to obscure the fact that it is, after all, a fairly clumsy film.

The screen adaptors of Joseph E. Davies' book have elided and omitted somewhat, and have added a celestial choir that certainly isn't in the original, but on the whole "Mission to Moscow" sticks pretty close to the author's pattern. Now, ex-Ambassador Davies' book is essentially plotless, a record of political and social events observed in the '30's, by one man, from a handful of European capitals. Since the news it reports is no longer very new, it is principally of interest to-day for the portraits of the various public figures whom the Ambassador encountered on his travels. And since these public figures are mostly busy with the war effort, and cannot appear in person, the film resolves itself into a series of impersonations by more or less competent actors. Most of the time, in fact, Walter Huston, representing Mr. Davies, moves through a lot of large sets and converses with people representing Messrs. Stalin, Churchill, Ribbentrop, Litvinov, and others. Their conversations are necessarily on important topics, since the work isn't the kind to be concerned with casual chit-chat. And, possibly on account of the actors worrying too much about physical tricks of likeness, the important topics are apt not to sound important at all.

The actor who comes nearest to suggesting a public figure of some size is Oscar Homolka as Litvinov, and the one who comes furthest from it is certainly Dudley Field Malone as Winston Churchill. Between these two are ranged a number of varyingly successful impersonations, male and female—Konstantin Shayne as Bukharin, Vladimir Sokoloff as Kalinin, Henry Daniell as Ribbentrop, Frieda Inescort as Mme. Molotov, and many, many others. Mannart Kippen's Stalin is handicapped by the fact that it follows the startlingly authentic portrait drawn by the Russian actor Gelovani in recent Soviet pictures. Captain Jack Young, who played President Roosevelt in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and repeats his back-view performance here, is handicapped by the fact that he will address his *vis-à-vis* like a company meeting.

Charming Ann Harding and a young actress named Eleanor Parker lend a gracious, matinée note as Ambassador Davies' wife and daughter, and their social experiences in the Soviet Union should go far to allay the doubts of the most nervous picturegoer. Wherever they visit, they find smiling faces, happy people, and functionalism combined with culture. They partake of the dainties at a country station, and pronounce them "delicious." They are received by a svelte, soignée Mme. Molotov in her classy cosmetic factory. And they learn, what anyone who knows anything about Hollywood pictures could have prophesied already, that the Russian workers are not strange, or inelegant, or even foreign-speaking, but reassuringly familiar, really *just* like the workers back home.

You will probably have to see "Mission to Moscow" some time, but if you are in no special hurry, my tip for your holidays at home is "THE MAN IN GREY" (Gaumont and Marble Arch). This is very, very English, and rather, rather nice, and in Phyllis Calvert, Margaret Lockwood, James Mason and Stewart Granger it has as pleasant a quartette of players as you could wish to see.

The screen-play writers, Margaret Kennedy and the director, Leslie Arliss, have done very fairly by Lady Eleanor Smith's Regency romance, very fairly indeed. They have changed little in the main story, which might have been written with one eye on the screen, and was, for all I know. It is true that they have taken liberties with the modern framework, but I'm not at all prepared to blame them for that, and Lady Eleanor, I gather, isn't either. Her scheme for "The Man in Grey," which she doesn't insist on, was grey all through; sad in the inner story and sad in the outer one. She thinks it may have been the result of carrying three thick manuscript books under her arm for safety all through the long blitz winter. The film people, with their perennial sunny faith in life's beauty, have decided that *one* story at least shall have a happy ending. It hasn't broken Lady Eleanor's heart, and it doesn't break mine.

"The Man in Grey," as you will see it on the screen, begins with an auction in the old Rohan house in London. Two young people vitally interested in the family history meet there and form a startling, almost atavistic attachment for one another. One is the last of the Rohans, Lady Clarissa (Phyllis Calvert), now in the W.R.N.S.; the other is a young airman from the West Indies, name of Rokeby (Stewart Granger). I am happy to be able to tell you that their love works out O.K.

This Service romance, however, occupies only a brief prologue and epilogue. The main story is told in a flashback, introduced by a Regency trinket-box. In the box, once the property of another Lady Clarissa Rohan, is a snuffbox, a "hussif," a wooden toy from a fair, a faded prospectus of a Young Ladies' Academy. The film fades back to the Young Ladies' Academy at Bath. Clarissa Richmond, sweet and lovely and more than a little gullible, is the parlour boarder. Hesther Shaw, pure Becky Sharp, and bred, I regret to say, in my home-town of Manchester, is the pupil-teacher. Clarissa is as good as good. Hesther is as bad as bad. She runs away with an Ensign and goes to the dogs. Clarissa marries Lord Rohan, an exquisite in grey, and has to look on while he does.

It is inevitable, of course, that these two bad lots should come together after a while. How they meet, how they become lovers, how they spoil Clarissa's chance of happiness with the adventurer

## THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans, Zena Dare. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

**Ambassadors: "SWEET AND LOW." Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—Robert Donat Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Cast as follows (August 2 to 28 Joyce Carey, Judy Campbell.)

*Garrick: "LIVING ROOM." Esther McCracken's third. Louise Hampton and Jane Baxter.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

*Haymarket: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

**Hippodrome: "THE LISBON STORY." Play with music.

**Palace: "HI-DE-HI." Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

*Princes: "MAGIC CARPET." Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done; Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

**Vaudeville: "LOTTIE DUNDASS." Unusual thriller with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike.

*Westminster: "MR. BOLFRY." New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

*Whitehall: "THE MOON IS DOWN." John Steinbeck's book dramatised. Lewis Casson, Karel Stepanek, Carla Lehmann.

**Winter Garden: "IT'S TIME TO DANCE." New musical with Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, Fred Emney.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.*

Rokeby, the man she really loves, and how they manage to murder her in the end, makes up the body of the tale. Gruesome-sounding in bare outline, it is curiously non-depressive in effect. I found myself remarkably interested in these people, their hopes and fears and schemes. Their behaviour is monstrous, but they don't seem monsters. Sweet, silly Clarissa, calculating Hesther, arrogant Rohan, and Rokeby, casual, realistic Rokeby, who is not quite a gentleman —they all seem very much alive.

"The Man in Grey" is primarily a film for novel-lovers, but it is

*Based on a true story, "The Flemish Farm" (Leicester Square Theatre) is a romance of ideals. Duclos* (CLIFFORD EVANS) *and Matagne* (PHILIP FRIEND), *pilots in the Belgian Air Force, are based at a Flemish farm. Their squadron, heavily outnumbered, has capitulated. Duclos forces Matagne into his 'plane to fly to England, leaving behind his wife, Trescha.*

*Duclos meets Trescha on the farm and breaks the news of Matagne's death. Trescha's baby is played by* BABY WENDY HALL.

helped very much for everybody by the sensible acting of the four principals. Phyllis Calvert manages to play a guileless woman without ever making her less than likeable. Margaret Lockwood, as Hesther, has just the right touch of nervous calculation in her villainy. She kills her friend, you feel, because it 's the practical thing to do, but she doesn't really care about doing it ; it pains her. James Mason's Man in Grey is well held in ; he never lets you forget for an instant that the cad is a gentleman.

Stewart Granger, who plays Rokeby, is comparatively new to films. He is a stage actor, invalided out of the Army ; a fine, upstanding six-footer, with a laconic style and a nice flash of humour. His screen technique is still largely undeveloped. He doesn't know yet what to throw away and what to keep. Some of his timing is miraculously exact. He has brilliant moments—and tosses them away as though he didn't know their value. Perhaps he doesn't. Mr. Granger isn't a very good screen actor yet, but I think he will be. Of all the young male leads in this country he seems to me the most likely, with proper handling, to be a star one day.

"CRASH DIVE" (Tivoli and New Gallery) is something for the boys, and I don't mean The Boys. It is juvenile fiction, in vigorous Technicolor, about a couple of American naval officers, who outdo each other in heroism all through the film, and end up a dead-heat blowing a German Q-boat base to blazes.

Tyrone Power and Dana Andrews are these dashing heroes, and naturally they are both in love with the same girl, Anne Baxter. Mr. Andrews holds senior rank and is practically engaged to the girl, which makes things tough for the other two, who really like each other best. Tougher still are the exigencies of service, which confine Mr. Power and Mr. Andrews to the close quarters of the same submarine, with nothing to do for hours and hours but up periscope and down periscope, intermittently brooding on their problems. Fortunately, the film people quickly send some action along to relieve the tension, and in the common danger born of sinking Q-boats and

*Matagne is killed, and Duclos returns to Belgium to gain useful information and retrieve his squadron's flag. Trescha* (JANE BAXTER) *helps him to find the hidden flag, when German sentries are heard approaching.*

wiping out a complete island of Germans, all difficulties of the heart are finally adjusted.

The raid at the end, with Mr. Power swimming through seas of burning oil, Mr. Andrews acting as a human periscope, and half Hollywood blown sky-high in Stirring Technicolor, is more spectacular than any Crystal Palace show. It 's quite impossible—and it 's a beauty.

"STRIPTEASE LADY" (Odeon) is not so much interested in what the title indicates—although Barbara Stanwyck *does* do a bit of hip-wiggling—as in a couple of murders behind the scenes of a burlesque show. Two leading strippers are found strangled with their own G-strings—which have nothing to do with musical instruments, whatever you, in your innocence, may have imagined. The heroine is also threatened, but manages to detect the murderer in time, thanks to the help of a red-nosed comic, and her own quick wit, sharpened by years in the profession.

In spite of the intimacy of the murder weapon, "Striptease Lady" is not really the sort of show that will bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. I found it more inclined to bring the yawn of weariness to the mouth of boredom. Barbara Stanwyck seems to me a cool, talented actress altogether a cut above this sort of nonsense, and a concise, clearly written summary of the plot should certainly be given free with every admission ticket.

*"The Iron Road" (London Pavilion) is cast in the mid-1880s, when the railway is carried out into the vast territory lying west of St. Louis. Jephtha Marr* (LEE COBB), *owner of a huge fleet of wagons whose uses are now threatened by the Missouri Central, resists the invasion of his monopoly. Marr's right-hand man is Skene* (ALBERT DEKKER) *helped by Big Boy* (MAX BAER).

*These* BEACH UMBRELLAS *were designed for* dolce far niente *days, but they now shade welders at work on plates for the 225th ship built in the yards of the California Shipbuilding Corp.—now called " Calship Beach."*

*This is no ordinary map-study!* LADY TWEEDSMUIR *is giving a geograph lesson and demonstrating the lie of their new country to English girls who ha married Canadian soldiers.*

*Simpson Services Merchant Navy lunch. Our group shows (l. to r.)* MAYOR H. V. DAY, *Westminster;* VISCOUNT BENNETT, MRS. S. L. SIMPSON, H.E. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR DR. S. L. SIMPSON, MR. ATTLEE, MAJOR A. HUSKISSON, M.C., AIR MARSHAL SIR T. LEIG MALLORY, D.S.O., *and* MRS. LAUGHTON MATHEWS, *Director W.R.N.S.*

CORPORAL IDA BROOK, W.A.A.F., *is posed with a doll in W.A.A.F. uniform, exhibited at the W.A.A.F. Arts and Crafts Show at the National Portrait Gallery.*

*This miniature puppet show is an exact representation of a W.A.A.F. Administrative Office, complete with personnel. It's on view at the W.A.A.F. Arts and Crafts Show.*

# WORK AND PLAY, A WEDDING AND A W.A.A.F. SHO

H.M. THE QUEEN *admires a painting of the Intelligence Room at a Fighter Station by* A/C/W. E. BLACKER, *on view at the W.A.A.F. Arts and Crafts Show.*

A.T.S. O.C.T.U. *candidates are chosen by new methods. Here they are demonstrating ingenuity by making emergency sleeping quarters out of a room representing an old barn.*

*Left:* FLIGHT LIEUT. R. H. BUNKER, D.F.C., *in the pilot's seat of "'O' for Orange" before taking off for "ops" over Hamburg. He has been fifteen times over Germany, as marked by symbols on his 'plane. The* ICE-CREAM CONES *indicate "ops" over Italy.*

MISS DIANE MYBURGH, *daughter of Brig. P. S. Myburgh, D.S.O., and of the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Johnstone, is engaged to M. Robert Honnorat de Malliard, Fighting French Forces, son of the late M. H. de Malliard.*

MR. R. F. SPERRY KIRKHAM, *elder son of Mr. J. W. Kirkham, of Parwich Lees, Derbyshire, married* MISS MARGARET HAWKEY, *only daughter of Mr. W. J. Hawkey. The bride's brother, Dr. J. K. Hawkey, the Oxford Blue, was best man.*

SEÑOR BRANCO CABRAL, *Director of the Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Company, and Dr. Burstoff Silva gave this pineapple to the Red Cross. It raised £100.* MISS MARGARET WALKER *and the* DOWAGER LADY WILLINGDON *are admiring it.*

*These young* AMERICANS—*W.A.A.C.s and soldier and sailor friends—have been doing a tour of sightseeing in London, and paused for a little rest by a well-known London monument.*

# PEOPLE AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LIEUT.-COLONEL CASS S. HOUGH—*for his aerial dive that was faster than sound.*

LIEUT.-COLONEL CASS S. HOUGH, D.S.O., U.S. Air Force, recently made a vertical dive in a 'plane at 780 miles an hour, beating the velocity of sound by twenty feet a second. His knees shook as the speed indicator passed 750 miles an hour. He made the test to discover the controllability of aircraft in high-speed dives, and to establish a recovery technique which can be taught. His speed was 13 miles a minute, 1144 ft. a second; while the velocity of sound is 1124 ft. a second.

GREER GARSON—*for marrying her "son" of the "Mrs. Miniver" film,* RICHARD NEY.

GREER GARSON, heroine of the "Mrs. Miniver" film, recently married Richard Ney, who played her son, Clem Miniver, in that same film, for her performance in which she was awarded last year's "Oscar." Our photograph shows them at church in the film.

MAE WEST—*for letting her diamonds go for a cut at the Axis.*

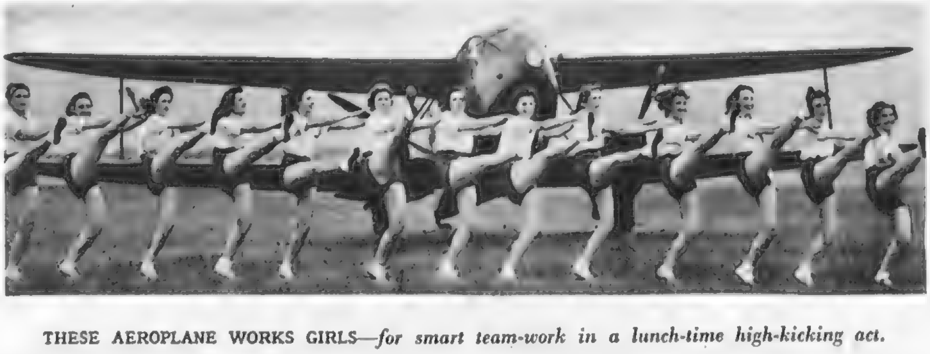
MISS MAE WEST is taking a firm line with her magnificent collection of diamonds, reputed to be worth half-a-million dollars. She has decided to turn over a selection of them to the War Production Board, U.S.A., for use in defence factories in the manufacture of essential armaments. These sparkling gems, which hitherto decorated the star's magnolia-white neck, will go to the Government for use in precision instruments and cutting drills. Mae West will return to the screen in Columbia's "Tropicana," with Victor Moore and William Caxton.

THESE FACTORY WORKERS—*for their brine-bath impression of the "Choreartium" ballet.*

FACTORY WORKERS are taking a three-weeks course of treatment at spas all over the country, which are available both to rich and poor. After their brine-baths these people are swathed in hot towels to prolong the effect of the brine, thus acquiring the strange appearance of natives of an Eastern country, or the *corps de ballet* in "Choreartium."

*Twenty-seven-year-old* WING COMMANDER JOHN D. BISDEE, *Governor of Lampedusa—for making the first practical experiment in post-war planning.*

WING COMMANDER JOHN D. BISDEE, D.F.C., twenty-seven-year-old ace fighter pilot of Fowey, has the thrill of his young life in taking on the appointment of Military Governor of Lampedusa, the Italian island which surrendered under air attack in June. He is responsible for local administration as well as for the defence of the island, and regards his unique appointment as a practical experiment in post-war reconstruction planning. He has already indented for non-Fascist school-books, among scores of other necessities.



THESE AEROPLANE WORKS GIRLS—*for smart team-work in a lunch-time high-kicking act.*

DIRECTED by Miss Eileen Fowler, physical-culture expert, girls at a certain aeroplane works in the Home Counties use their lunch-hour to great effect by indulging in physical exercises. The "jerks" give one a great impetus for work on the 'planes!

## WHY WORRY ABOUT RAYON WHEN YOU CAN HAVE COTTON LIKE THIS!

*This American glamour girl has worn out all her silk and rayon stockings, but she doesn't worry. Her legs are clad in cotton, but the stockings are very special, and provide tangible proof that wartime restrictions cannot put an end to "this fashion nonsense." A new U.S. Government ruling standardised rayon hose, but a fashion-wise manufacturer took good old American cotton, dyed it, rewove it, painted it, printed it, and produced a series of startling new stocking styles. This particular one is carried out in wide cotton mesh. The extra pair of round garters help to prevent bagging at the knees.*

# WORK OF LASTING VALUE TO TH
## TRAINING

*Studying the notice-board and Orders of the Day.*

*Lady Heygate, wife of the novelist, Sir John Heygate, Bt., on parade.*

*Right: Lunch in the mess, with senior officers at the high table.*

WING OFFICER HOLLOWAY, *O.C. the Officers' School.*

*Physical exercises are an important part of the training.*

**N.B.** ***A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.***

THE work of the W.A.A.F
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W.A.A.F. officers are there tr
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PHOTOGRAP

# NATION: THE W.A.A.F. OFFICERS' SCHOOL.

*"Right dress!" A corporal on parade.*

*Coffee in the Common Room after lunch.*

*Left: W.A.A.F. cadets listening intently to a lecture.*

*A view of some of the W.A.A.F. officers on parade.*

*Left: On parade: W.A.A.F. officers on refresher courses.*

*The drummers of the famous W.A.A.F. band.*

*The Commanding Officer in her office:* WING OFFICER HOLLOWAY.

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n seventy-eight times its original
ades had increased to sixty-five,
1942. These figures give some
f this fine auxiliary service.

CIL BEATON.

# THE VERY DICKENS! MONICA'S LITERARY BIRTHRIGHT.

MISS MONICA DICKENS, *novelist and munition worker, in front of a family portrait.*

*Great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, and author of three successful novels.*

AFTER leaving school, MISS MONICA DICKENS travelled, came home and joined a dramatic school. She was a 1935 débutante, but gave up the social round to study cookery and dressmaking. She took a post as a cook and wrote "One Pair of Hands"; worked as a nurse and wrote "One Pair of Feet"; and is now in a munitions factory. Her third book is a novel, "Marianna," and her fourth, "The Fancy," is coming out shortly. The screen version of "One Pair of Feet" is being made at Denham and will be called "The Lamp Still Burns." Leslie Howard supervised the production, which is directed by Maurice Elvey with Rosamond John in the leading rôle. Miss Dickens is a niece of Vice-Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens, and her cousin, Lieut. Peter G. C. Dickens, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., is the hero of many naval exploits of the war.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS.

*Used to rolling up her sleeves! Monica Dickens has worked in a factory, as a nurse and as a cook.*

*With great-grandfather's portrait to inspire her: Monica Dickens works at the desk of her famous ancestor.*

BOB HOPE, *star of the film " They Got Me Covered," entertained U.S. troops at an al fresco camp show on a wet day.*

*Bob Hope's wisecracks were undamped by weather, and went over big with the boys.*

# THEY COULDN'T GET HIM COVERED —THOUGH IT RAINED!

BOB HOPE, famous entertainer, film-star and radio favourite, is over here with a company which includes Frances Langford, Jack Pepper, Sonny Miller and Toni Romano, in order to give shows for the U.S. troops. Here he is giving an outdoor entertainment in spite of the rain, as there was no hall in the vicinity large enough to accommodate the huge audience. The songs and wisecracks went over big, and nobody did anything but smile. The company have been doing a lightning tour, and have given many shows for the boys.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS.

FRANCES LANGFORD *is a popular member of Bob Hope's company of U.S. stars. She's singing to Toni Romano's guitar.*

# DECORATIVE MODERN MURALS
# MYTHOLOGY AND

*Jovial Bacchus presides pver a door in the Officers' Mess.*

*The Winged Victory incorporated in a seascape with bombers.*

*Detail of the panels on the billiard-room door.*

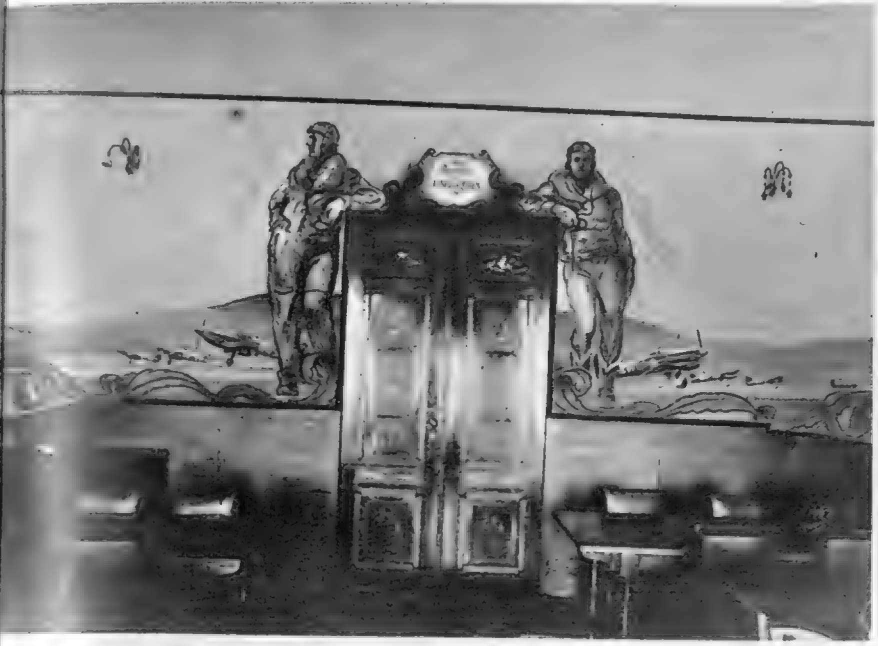
*A landscape with heroic figures in the Officers' Mess.*

*The big panel in the billiard room. The "Oasis," bearing the legend "Thirst Come, Thirst Served," is the hatch to the bar. Above, the Rhodesian boys are depicted. The Pilots and Ground Staff are all recognisable. Portraits in the lower part of the design include Group Captain Woodhall, the A.O.C. the Station, late of Malta, in a 'plane next to the Oasis; Wing Commander Clerke, D.F.C., in 'plane with*

THESE spirited murals decorate the Officers' Mess at an R.A.F. Station in England. They are the work of A.C.2 WINSLADE, and include a landscape with 'planes grounded and taking off, and heroic figures of pilots, and a seascape with 'planes in flight, and the Winged Victory; a Jolly Bacchus calling all ranks to refreshment and some outside beauties. The large mural

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY A.C.2 WINSLADE

# AT AN R.A.F. STATION: LANDSCAPE, PORTRAITURE.



*Pilots, ready for an operational flight, guard a door.*

*A beautiful vision with the R.A.F. wings as head-dress.*

*a dog; and the artist, A.C.2 Winslade, on the extreme left. The R.A.F. Armament Officer is seen on a bicycle with a cannon on the carrier. The Newfoundland members of the Station are shown over the door, the panels of which represent the Meteorological Section and Control Rooms (l. and r.; top) and the Searchlight and Ops. Section (l. and r.; bottom). Below, the Station pets are shown in full cry.*

in the billiard room also features a series of portraits of the well-known personalities of the Station, including the Air Officer Commanding, Group Captain Woodhall; also Commander Malfroy, the lawn-tennis star; a Czech Wing Leader who has the highest score of enemy 'planes destroyed, and Wing Commander Clerke, D.F.C., who bagged 2½ in one day.

*The Rhodesian members of the Station, over the Oasis.*

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*New York's Radio City Music Hall at the Rockefeller Centre produced a patriotic " Victory Garden " ballet, cleverly designed to press home the need for " digging for victory," to help the war effort. The choreographer was Florence Rogge, director of the Corps de Ballet, and special music was written by Richard Mohaupt. Here, in a shady corner, is a Mushroom, a Carrot, whose tops are chewed by A Hungry Rabbit, and Miss Parsley (isn't she coy?).*

*Right: This group deserves a First Prize; includes: John Peel, the potato boy, Miss Parsley (isn't she coy?), Cynthia Scallion, Anastasia Artichoke; some hand-picked Tomatoes and Mushrooms, a dignified Carrot, Mr. Scarecrow and A Hungry Rabbit.*

# PRIZE VEGETABLES GO DANCING—RADIO CITY'S "VICTORY GARDEN" BALLET.

MISS FLORENCE ROGGE *arranged a few of her prize vegetable ballerinas at a dress rehearsal of "Victory Garden."*

*John Peel, the potato boy, in action on the stage with The Parsley Sisters (aren't they coy?).*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

"RIDE ON, STRANGER" is a novel about urban life in Australia in the years just before the war. Shannon Hicks was her parents' fourth daughter; she was born on Monday, a washing-day, and the news of her birth gave her father an attack of indigestion. Any child was bad enough, but a boy would have been preferable, so rather wistfully they gave her a name that would have done for either.

This early sense of not being wanted explains a good deal in Shannon's character. First of all, it determined her to leave home and take the post of "domestic slavey," as a friend kindly put it, in an aunt's boarding-house. After that she drifted from one situation to another. She was secretary to Southwell Vaughan-Quilter, known as "the Abbot," a "super-salesman of the Unseen," whose handsome appearance and "blazing earnestness" helped to make his esoteric teaching—a combination of psychology, philosophy and religion—highly popular. But when she had fallen in love with him and was no longer happy working for him, she found a new occupation at a wireless station. Here, too, she did well, for she was a highly intelligent girl; but a quarrel with her cousin made her give it up, and a period of affiliation with political organisations of a Left Wing cast followed: a Proletarian Club and the more important United Council for Defence of Labour. Shannon had no special political sympathies—she was an individualist—but she was profoundly dissatisfied by the times in which she lived. Again her heart was engaged, this time by an official of the U.C.D.L.; but as he was kissing her she asked him what Lenin would have thought about it. Desisting, he reflected that she had been

resourceful, quick and capable, but what was the use of these qualities if they were accompanied by a constant, ironic merriment? She wouldn't take anything seriously, that was the trouble. She wasn't taking this bookshop [Shannon was now helping to run a bookshop] seriously. It was something new to play with. The desolating truth about Shannon was that she did not care. She simply did not care for anything on earth.

**Closed Minds.** In a sense, he was unjust to her. Shannon cared a good deal, but she was an intellectual and she took people's opinions more seriously than she took their emotions. Upon examination, their views—and half the people she knew had views—were found not to be worthy of respect.

The people I seem to fall in with have all closed minds. They live in their own neat little systems where everything is simple and logical and sound, *until* you come to test it against someone else's system. It 's like a lunatic asylum with everyone in sight thinking they're going to save the world . . . They 're mad because civilisation is mad and getting madder every day.

So she decides to leave Sydney and return to the small town in the country where she was born. Here a solution of her difficulties offers itself, and might have proved durable had the war not come.

Shannon is an extremely ably-drawn study of a misfit, and if she does not engage the whole of the reader's sympathy, it is because of the defect of which her suitor complained; having grown a protective shell of irony, she cannot give herself completely to anyone or anything. Her sense of humour is the same as Miss Kylie Tennant's; it is constant and sophisticated and dry—not conspicuously satirical or "debunking," but imbued with a common sense fatal to romance and hostile to endeavour. Shannon saw through people, and so does Miss Tennant; not unkindly, but completely. She is often exasperated, but seldom unjust or cynical: truth is what she is looking for, and truth—rather dry and dusty—is what she discovers.

Wartime paper restrictions have crowded a great many words on the page. More spaciously produced, "Ride On, Stranger" would also be easier to read. There is a sense of congestion in the book, apart from this, as though the material had been woven too thick; but the material is of high quality and puts Miss Tennant in the front rank of living novelists.

**Guerrillas in Jugoslavia.** "Brain and Ten Fingers" is a novelette founded on a single episode. In this it resembles "The Dead Look On," but it is shorter and slighter. Again Mr. Gerald Kersh lays his scene in an enemy-occupied country; this time it is Jugoslavia. The handful of guerrillas have amongst them Slavs, Croats and Slovenes, but they are united by their desire to sabotage the enemy, Italy. Between them and the railway they intend to blow up lies a small river, swollen by rains which have washed the bridge away. The Italians are on their tracks, and if they are to fulfil their purpose they must cross the river and without delay.

**H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER** *presented a certificate to* **CORPORAL S. C. WOODERSON,** *winner of the mile in 4 min. 11·8 sec. at the Allied Forces athletic meeting in aid of the British Red Cross and Services charities, held at the White City.*

Substantially, the story is an account of how they improvised a new bridge out of three logs, some string, and the piers which still remained from the old bridge: attempt after attempt ended in failure, and their skill, strength and courage were truly superhuman. In the course of the narrative, told in turn by various members of the party, the character and background of each are laid bare; one of the men is dying of injuries inflicted by the Italians, and most of them have suffered from the invaders in one way or another—the girl awaiting them on the opposite bank not excepted. Apart from Janez, the injured man, they are rather rudimentary types.

Black Martin was a lively man who liked girls, dancing and having a good time. "You can't live forever," was what he always said. If he was about to have a drink, he said: "You can't live forever." If he were about to go with a raiding party, he said: "You can't live forever." If a child were born or a man died, he said exactly the same thing. He was not an educated man, but he understood things.

However, the point of the story is not the intrinsic interest of the dialogue, not the interaction of brain and tongue, but of brain and fingers; and in this the party acquit themselves like heroes. Mr. Kersh is an artist in story-telling; he gets his effects with admirable economy.

**Love is My Theme.** "The Wind" is not only a love-story, it is a story about love; love is its theme, and the four chief characters are presented nearly always in terms of love. All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever feeds Love's sacred flame, are fuel to Miss Findlay's fire; she neglects no aspect of love, but she is mainly concerned with its intellectual and spiritual sides, the encroachment of one human being on another, the perfect fusion of two personalities carried out in face of considerable protest from their respective egos. Notwithstanding this, I am not sure that Stephanie ever admits that she is "in love" with Larry; both are extremely precise and scrupulous about the terms they use; they analyse their feelings for each other down to the last split hair, and their dialogue is so elusive and elliptical that it is often not easy to follow. Telling Larry that their relationship could only be a success if they shared everything *except* love, Stephanie goes on to say:

"You see, its glory would make me a slave, I think, and I should indeed cease to value other things, cease to know if the sky was blue. And I am not a slave. I must always be able to look at to-morrow and see it hold continuance, further life. Love would be the end, there 'd be no point in going on."

"I 'll never again doubt you *haven't* been in love."

"Good. And you can understand if you permit yourself," she said, gravely. "All the same . . . what we imagine has perhaps a too dangerous quality of realism for actual realisation."

**Too Articulate.** That is true—when we have permitted ourselves to understand it, which I confess I did not, at the first reading. No one that I ever met talks as articulately as do these lovers. Their conversation puts a strain on one's attention, and gives the whole story—unfairly, I think—an air of unreality, which is increased by the fact that all the chief characters speak the same language. Moreover although Stephanie may not be "in love" to the point of not noticing, if the sky is blue, she is sufficiently obsessed *by* love to make her external, objective observations—of which there are many, for she is intensely aware of all that goes on round her—slightly phantasmagoric, like something seen in fever.

Her childhood and youth had been unhappy, and the deliverance which she owed first to her friend Clare, and afterwards to her employer, Markham, whose treasures she catalogued, brought with it a kind of emotional hyperaesthesia; and a Philistine friend, if she had had one, would certainly have called her too "intense." The reader may feel the same; if she takes a thing lightly, it is because her intellect tells her it is not important.

**Clichés Avoided.** No form of literature receives more support from its conventions than does the detective-story. But these established formulas can become as ubiquitous as the modern sausage and almost as flavourless. Miss Leslie Ford avoids most of them. Her professional, semi-professional and purely amateur detectives all respect one another's particular functions, although the professional inclines towards the most obvious, and therefore the least likely, suspect. "Priority Murder" deals with metal production in wartime America—a rich field for the crime-novelist to work. Miss Ford practises restraint and discrimination, and avoids overloading her book with a multiplicity of incidents, thus giving unity and compactness to an exciting story.

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**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

**Ride On, Stranger.** By Kylie Tennant. (*Gollancz; 10s. 6d.*)
**Brain and Ten Fingers.** By Gerald Kersh. (*Heinemann; 6s.*)
**The Wind.** By E. M. Findlay. (*Methuen; 9s. 6d.*)
**Priority Murder.** By Leslie Ford. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

Silk tights enhance the lines of the lovely Grable legs in this still from "Coney Island."

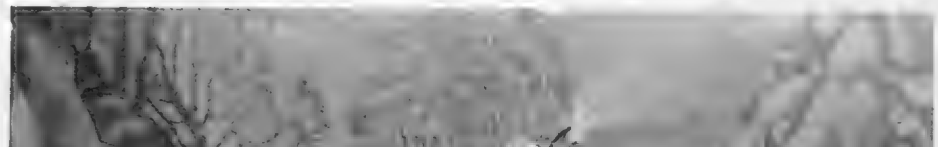
Fish-net hose and anklets are worn by Betty in this sequence with GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

# SHE HAS A LEG! BETTY OF THE PATTERN LIMBS.

LIKE Meredith's celebrated character, Sir Willoughby Pattern, Betty Grable certainly "has a leg"—in fact, she has two of the most perfect limbs in all Hollywood. In her new 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musicale "Coney Island" (for which the term "Musicolossal" is officially used!) ten separate routines on these famous legs are featured. The show's due at the Odeon on August 20, and is the liveliest of "turbulent tuneful stories" of two men and a girl set against the gay background of Coney Island. The men are George Montgomery and Cesar Romero.

Famous blonde Betty has a coal-black wig for one of her torrid dance numbers.

Here BETTY GRABLE is in one of her "Coney Island" dance routines.



Fetching white fur-trimmed "booties" show up Betty's slender ankles. Her number with a two-man-power horse is one of the hits of the new 20th Century-Fox Technicolor "musicolossal."

# THE SHIP.*

By PETER KENDALL.

JOHN CHALMERS, senior draughtsman at the large munitions factory, ate his evening meal rapidly. When he had finished, he let himself into a small room leading off the hall. The room contained a bench carrying a small lathe and an assortment of tools, and a plain, solid deal table. On the table, resting in a wooden cradle, was the hull of a metre-length model liner, white-painted and with a green water-line. Near it lay the unfinished superstructure, and for a full minute John gazed through half-closed eyes at his model as it gleamed under a powerful lamp. Then he removed his coat and lifted from the hull a temporary deck which had concealed the interior.

Within the hull was a copper boiler, from which a steam-pipe led to a powerful little engine of polished brass. Behind the engine twin propeller-shafts emerged from an enclosed gear-box and disappeared into the stern of the model, ending, outboard, in two bronze propellers. All this machinery looked thoroughly neat and workmanlike, and the ship was the pride of John Chalmers' heart. He had built every bit himself, and now it was ready for testing. He reached for a bottle of methylated spirit.

He was suddenly interrupted by a knocking, and with a muttered "Blast!" John replaced the bottle and went to the hall door. One of his colleagues from the drawing office lurched inside, breathing heavily and bleeding from a wound in the head.

"Staines!" exclaimed John. "Here—you 'd better come in here and let me look at that head of yours." And he led the way into the kitchen and settled his disturbing visitor into a chair. Then, without further comment, he fetched hot water, towels and plaster.

When Staines was fairly comfortable, he asked: "What 's happened?"

"It 's Leyton," began Staines. "I was working late to-night and I heard a queer row in No. 2 workshop. When I went down to see what it was I found Leyton deliberately trying to wreck the new processing machine. I couldn't believe my eyes at first, but it was true enough, because he went for me with a five-eighths spanner he was using. Then I managed to get away, but he chased me almost to the end of your road. When I dodged suddenly down here I think he ran straight on. What d 'you think I 'd better do?"

"Go to the police, of course," said John decisively. "Why didn't you call a bobby while he was chasing you?"

"Didn't see one anywhere. Besides, I was bleeding like a pig."

"Well, I 'll come round to the police station with you now."

"Er—well—I——" Staines seemed extremely reluctant to leave the apparent security of Chalmers' house. "You see," he went on, "there 's another snag I forgot to mention. Just as I passed the house next door I saw Woodfall. He stopped and watched me come in here. Then he hurried off up the road. You know how thick he is with Leyton—I 'm wondering if it is more than that, and they are in this sabotage racket together. If that 's so, I think it 's very likely that Woodfall was going up to the factory to help Leyton, and in that case they 'll be down here after me in no time!"

"Oh, blast the lot of them!" muttered Chalmers irritably. Aloud he said: "What do you suggest, then?"

"Could I possibly stay here for a bit? I 'm scared stiff of those two, and I thought perhaps if I lay low for an hour or so we could go to the police together later on. On the other hand, if they do come, you could deny having seen me since you left the drawing office."

"You 'd better go upstairs and take it easy for a while," John said at length. "I 'll cope with Leyton if he turns up."

And with that he took Staines to the spare bedroom and made him comfortable. Outside on the landing on his way down, John paused for a moment, thoughtfully: then he stole back to the bedroom door and quietly locked it, pocketing the key. After all, it was a queer yarn—and he didn't know Staines very well.

When John returned to the little room downstairs he paced the floor for a while, deep in thought and with an occasional glance at his watch. Then he stepped up to the table and bent over his ship. First he slackened off the union nut which secured the exhaust pipe to the engine, and removed the pipe completely so that the cylinder would discharge its exhaust directly into the air. Then he lovingly applied a drop of oil here and there, and finally reached once more for the bottle of methylated spirit. He had just finished with that when there was another loud knock on the front door.

As John half-expected, it was Leyton. And, considerably to John's relief, he was alone.

"Leyton!" he said. "This is a surprise! Come in." And led him straight into the ship-room. "Sit down," he went on.

"I wanted to see Staines. I heard he was here with you, and he 's needed urgently at the factory. I say, that 's a fine ship!"

"Not so bad, is it? But as for Staines, I haven't seen him since I left at five-forty-five this evening. Is it anything serious?" John stood up and carried on with his preparations. Leyton also rose and stood beside him at the table, watching with interest.

"Well, the new processing machine has gone wrong. It 'll have to be put right before the morning shift. I 'll have to try at his house, that 's all."

"H'm." John was non-committal. "Got five minutes to spare?"

"Why?" asked Leyton sharply.

"Well, I 'm just going to run this engine. I thought you might be interested, that 's all."

"Oh, yes!" The eternal boy which lurks in all men peeped for a moment out of Leyton's eyes. "Did you build her yourself?" he asked.

John busied himself with the spirit-lamp. "Every bit," he said, not without a touch of pride. "Except for a Stuart-Turner displacement lubricator—that little gadget there."

Leyton bent over the ship, while John opened the throttle valve and gave the fly-wheel a tentative spin or two. The little engine coughed once and then purred into gleaming life, until the two propellers became twin discs of dull, blurred gold. Leyton peered into the interior of the hull.

For perhaps nine or ten minutes the two men pored over the model and the whirring engine. All the time John was watching Leyton closely but surreptitiously, wondering whether the simple plan he 'd made would work. It all depended on the truth or falsity of certain rumours concerning Leyton.

And then he noted with a queer little feeling of excitement that the next question Leyton asked about the ship was spoken in a voice somewhat blurred and thickened. Then John saw him sway slightly, and promptly threw an arm about Leyton's shoulder in a comradely fashion, hoping that he would not feel the noticeable pressure in that seemingly friendly arm. By now Leyton was gripping the edge of the table for support. He attempted to stand upright, but John restrained him—talking as volubly as his own swimming head would allow—until Leyton flung off his arm wildly and staggered up, cursing.

"Chalmersh!" he mouthed. "Wash marrer wi' me? Wha 've you done? Can't shtan' up! I——"

And then he crashed to the floor, stupefied.

John fled, swaying drunkenly, and locked Leyton in the room with the still-running engine. For a few seconds he leaned on the door, taking deep, grateful breaths of the fresh, cool air: then he ran to a telephone call-box about a hundred yards up the road.

He flung himself inside and pressed the emergency bell. "Police!" he shouted breathlessly. "Quick—Chalmers, 147, Greatacre Avenue, Burling!" Then he ran back and waited, panting, in the kitchen.

It seemed hours before he heard the police car stop outside. He admitted a sergeant and a constable.

"Now, Sir," began the sergeant, "what 's the trouble?"

"An hour ago," replied John, "a man from my office came here bleeding from a head-wound which he said he 'd received while trying to prevent some sabotage at the factory. He was certainly shaken, but he seemed very reluctant to go to the police with his story—which struck me as rather odd. Anyhow, he asked to stay here for a bit because the saboteur whom he 'd disturbed had followed him. So I put him in a spare room right at the top of the house and locked him in. After a bit the man he says he saw trying to wreck a new and most important machine turned up and enquired for Staines, the first chap, but I swore I hadn't seen him since I left work. The alleged saboteur is an enormous fellow, much more than a match for me, so I just made him drunk. He 's in here . . ."

John took the policemen to the ship-room. Leyton was lying just as he had fallen, and the engine, its boiler empty, was silent and still.

"You see," went on John, "while Staines was talking I remembered that Leyton has no head for drink. So I tried it on, and, as you see, it worked."

The sergeant bent swiftly and examined the prostrate man. Then he turned to John, looking very puzzled.

"He 's drunk, right enough," he said. "I can smell the stuff. But however did you get enough of it inside him so quickly?"

"Oh," replied John, smiling slightly. "That was the ship. Or, rather, the engine. I filled the boiler with methylated spirit instead of water—the engine runs just as well on alcohol vapour as on water vapour—and then I got him interested, and he hung over the exhaust for quite some time breathing pure alcohol fumes. When he got a bit shaky I held him there until he passed out. It didn't take long. The trouble was I nearly went the same way myself." John moved towards the door. "And now, will you take them both away, please?" he went on. "One of them must be lying—and you can sort that out for yourselves. I want to test that engine—properly!"

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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WOMEN in general are never seen to greater advantage than in a classic tailor-made, which, of course, must be well-cut and neat. Included in Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) collection is the suit pictured above. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there is only a limited number of each individual suit, but it is good news that there are many variations on this theme. The one pictured is of a fine check suiting, and a delightful colour scheme is rust and lime. There are others in stripes as well as checks. The sleeves are neat, and more often than not the shoulders are square. A feature is likewise made of check coats with plain skirts. Of course, they may be worn with cotton shirts as well as woolly pullovers. Personal shoppers always receive a warm welcome in these salons.

WOMEN must visit as soon as possible the House-coat and Dressing-gown Department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. A very practical dressing-gown is shown on the right of this page. It will not become easily crushed, and is warm and light. It can be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Attention must be drawn to the one-piece sleeping-suits which are fashioned of wool-back satin; they wash and wear extremely well. Again, there are wrappers with plain, full skirts and "shirt" tops. The collars are of the Peter Pan character.

*Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.*

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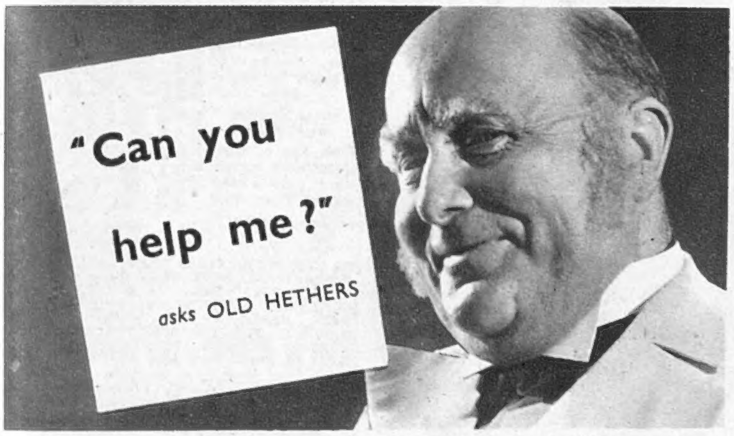
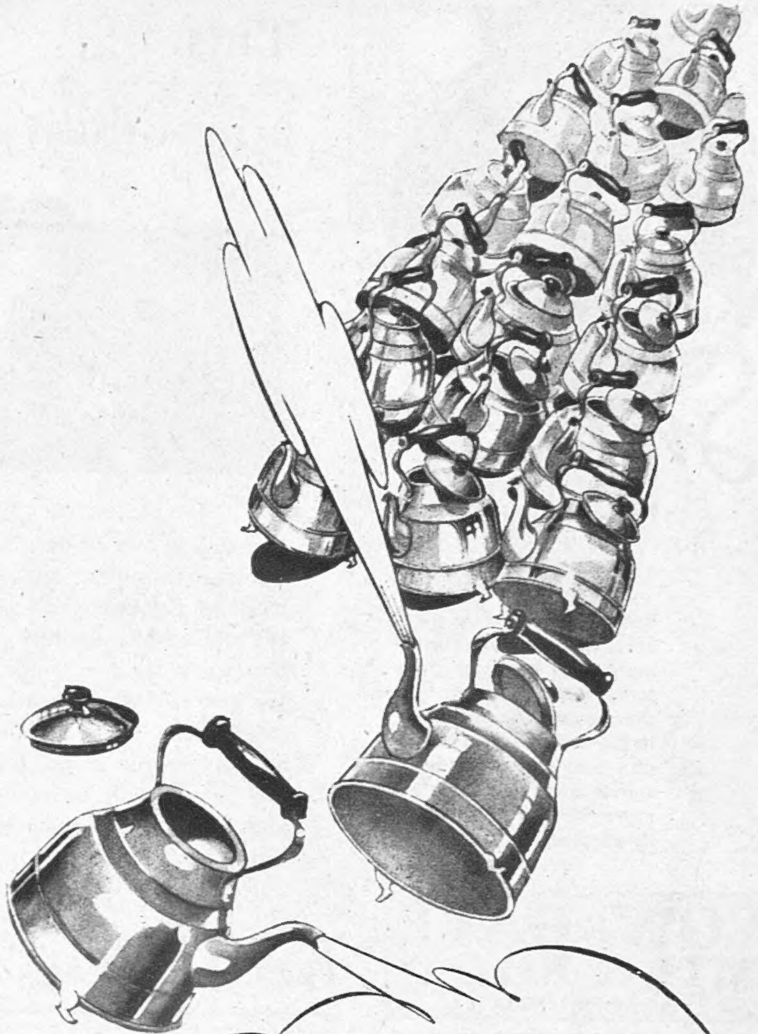



"As you know, Robinson's have had to give up making their Barley Water in bottles for the duration of the war. As a result the making of barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley has again become popular. Many people have consulted me on the question of flavour and I've recommended juice from stewed or tinned fruit, a little honey or jam, and—perhaps best of all—a dash of lemonade power. But knowing how resourceful you ladies are, if I may make so bold as to say so madam, it may be that you could make some further helpful suggestions. It would give me great pleasure to try them. My address at Norwich you'll find is on the tin."

**Barley Water** *made from*

# ROBINSON'S

**'PATENT' BARLEY**



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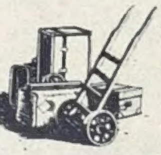

**The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry**

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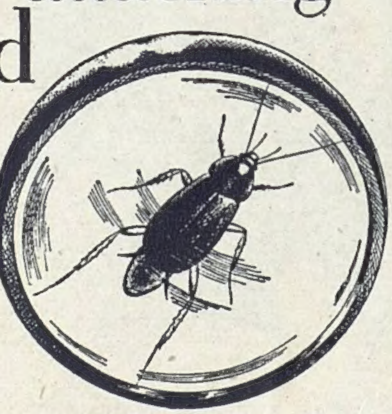
# Steam Flies attacking nation's food reserves



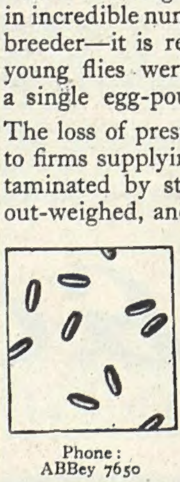
Serious damage to stored foodstuffs—particularly flour, cereals, meals, and dried fruit—is being caused by Steam Flies (or to give them their scientific name Blattella Germanica, of the Cockroach group).

The Steam Fly, which infests hotels, restaurants, canteens, bakeries, hospitals, and centrally-heated buildings, where it swarms in incredible numbers, is a prolific breeder—it is recorded that forty young flies were produced from a single egg-pouch.

The loss of prestige and goodwill to firms supplying products contaminated by steam flies is only out-weighed, and that to a serious extent, by the loss to the nation of valuable food supplies.

The Pest-Control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd. (which is available everywhere), has made a special study of the problem of the steam-fly; and also effectively deals with infestations of beetles, cockroaches, and crickets.

*Illustrations show adult steam fly and oötheca. The slightest suspicion of either on your premises is the signal to communicate with Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., at once.*



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